

Phoenix Interstate Consolidated Oil Co.

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The Company Offers a Block of **THIRTY THOUSAND SHARES** of Its Treasury Stock AT 25 CENTS PER SHARE, Par Value One Dollar, for the Sole Purpose of Continuing Development Work at the Well

We Have Forty Acres in the Great Maricopa-Sunset Oil Field in Kern County, California, Near the Famous Lakeview and Other Gushers

Supt. Nichols Wires Under Date June 7th:

"Eight-inch casing down 1392 feet in greenish brown shale showing a lot of oil and gas. Indications are that we are very close to oil sand."

Under Date of June 8th:

"Down 1420 feet this morning. Changing formation fast. Heavy gas pressure in the hole. Making fine time."

From the above and other information received from the well it is practically a certainty that we will bring in a big producer in the next few days

The Company reserves the right to reject any or all subscriptions. For further information see any of the above named gentlemen or H. I. LATHAM, Secretary, No. 4 West Adams Street, Phoenix, Arizona.

YAHUKI JAILED FOR GENEROSITY

Discharges Obligation to Aborigine With Forbidden Firewater.

Although gratitude is commonly supposed to be an admirable quality, and one of the most beautiful virtues that humanity can display, the gratitude of K. Yahuki almost got him in jail yesterday, and because he chose the wrong form of expression for his gratitude, his feelings were lacerated and his good nature abused by being misinterpreted.

Yahuki lives in Glendale or was visiting there. At all events he was in Glendale yesterday morning, and wanting to come to Phoenix, he took out his bicycle and headed for the capital. He made good progress, and was well down toward the city on Grand avenue, when something went wrong with the wheel, and he had to get off and look into matters. He tried to fix it and failed. He could see nothing but a long, tiresome walk before him in the hot sun, and the blistering wind, when Samuel King, an Indian ward of the government, came driving down the avenue in a one-horse runabout. Seeing Yahuki in such an unpleasant predicament the Indian was moved with compassion to offer him a seat in his rig, which Yahuki thankfully accepted, with many protestations of gratitude.

On the way in the two men talked pleasantly together. Yahuki in Japanese, and the Indian in Apache. They failed to understand anything but the fact that they were good friends, and were having an enjoyable drive together.

After their arrival in the city Yahuki, being tortured by an almost unquenchable thirst, entered a down town saloon to have something. He had it, and immediately afterward purchased a pint of firewater. This, he thought, in his innocent heart,

would be a delightful way of proving his gratitude to the kind-hearted Samuel, who sat outside in his buggy as though expecting something.

Walking out through the doors Yahuki, not aware that he was committing a penitentiary offense, walked over to Samuel sitting in his buggy in a grave and stately pose, and without apology or explanation, handed him up the pint bottle. As soon as he had the gift in his possession the Indian was overburdened with gratitude toward Yahuki, and they had a great time for a few minutes, Yahuki thanking the Indian in Japanese for the ride, and Samuel King thanking him for the fire water in Apache.

As they were about to part a number of men on the sidewalk, who understood the gravity of the offense Yahuki had unwittingly committed, rushed up to Samuel and proceeded to separate him from the bottle. At the same time the telephone was used by the proprietor of the house to notify the police that an Indian was being presented with a bottle of old Bourbon on the main street of the city, in broad daylight, with presentation speeches, and all trimmings which might be supposed to accompany a gift sent from the heart with a feeling of gratitude.

Nothing was done with Samuel, as his inherited proclivity to take all he could get in the way of intoxicants was recognized, and allowed by the officers. But Yahuki was taken to jail, where he stayed until it was learned that there was no case against him, as the Indian had not been allowed to keep the liquor, and he was accordingly released.

TRYING FOR THE PRIZES.

Humors of a Short Story Contest With Many Competitors.

A man who waded through the flood of 15,000 MSS. submitted in a recent prize story contest reveals some of the secrets of the charnel house, to mix metaphors in true contest fashion.

"Of the titles selected," he says, "a careful estimate showed that the one in highest favor was 'The Awakening,' with 'A Little Child Shall Lead Them' a close second. Titles like 'The Subju-

gation of Polly,' 'The Recrudescence of Billy,' 'The Winning of Marjory'—the thorough bromide titles—were very popular.

"As for themes, stories of shipwrecks and other appalling disasters were often seized upon as especially worthy of telling. No doubt many of these tales were true, which made them seem, in the minds of the tellers, particularly desirable.

"Then there were the so-called imaginative tales of haunted houses, demented women who carved their husbands and families into bits and stories of nurses and keepers who had frightful experiences with lunatics who were trying to escape from asylums.

"There were hundreds of stories (I was about to say thousands) which began thus, with a heavenly bit of description:

"As the last rays of the setting sun tinged the world with scarlet beauty, or 'The dying sun had just sunk behind the beautiful hills when Alice Marchmont, accompanied by her favorite greyhound, walked slowly forth upon the veranda of her gorgeous old southern home in Virginia.'

"Two days after the announcement of the contest a story of 248 words arrived ignorantly written in pencil on a bit of brown paper, entitled 'My Ride With Mama,' and accompanied by this startling communication:

"Send the \$7,000 by registered mail, as I need it to raise mortgage."

"MRS. J. H. SCHULTZ"

"Then a woman, who wrote as if she ought to know better, sent this:

"I write to ask a number of questions regarding your contest: First: Can I submit a story's second? Will it make any difference if my brother does the typewriting?"

"For once the editor's sense of humor got the better of his manners, and he replied:

"It won't make any difference to us, but will probably make a lot of difference to brother."

"Although it had been plainly stipulated that no stories over 5,000 words would be considered, a doctor in Colorado (why do so many doctors, lawyers and clergymen try to write fiction?) sent in seven novels, badly written but beautifully typewritten, not one of which was less than 180,000 words in length.

"Not only did novels come to this short story contest, but poems galore, in every known and unknown variety of meter. And plays were offered in profusion, one of which began: 'A winter day in January.'

"Just before the date of closing a telegram from Toronto came to the editors. They had been wondering why they had been feeling so uneasy during the last days of the competition; but their fears were set at rest when they opened the night message, which read as follows:

Severe illness, ptomaine poisoning, prevents mailing story until last moment. It will go in postoffice before midnight of January 1st.

"It was signed by a lady of whom the editors had never by any chance heard.

"Next day came another night message from the south, which also dispelled any further fears the editors might have had that a fine story would not come into the office:

"Have tragic story based on real incident in my husband's life, but no time for typewriting. Shall I send it? Answer immediately."—Bookman

THE DOUBLE BUSINESS.

Champ Clark may now be said to be famous. They have found his double. Or, more properly, the double has found himself, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. They usually are self-discovered. The more celebrated the man, the more doubles he has. Mr. Roosevelt, notwithstanding the claimants had to tighten their upper lips and give their lower jaws a sort of prognathous thrust to prove it, had oodles of doubles, and Lincoln, whose homeliness the Creator found inimitable, had so many doubles that, like Bill Nye's famous first white child born in California, it was at one time seriously proposed that they hold an annual convention. Mark Twain had a circular letter with which he always answered his double correspondence. It said:

"My Dear Sir: Many thanks for your letter, with inclosed photograph. Your resemblance to me is remarkable. In fact, to be perfectly honest, you look more like me than I do myself. I was so much impressed by the resemblance that I have had your picture framed, and am now using it regularly in place of a mirror, to shave by. Yours gratefully,

A Frenchman, who enjoys the distinction of being the champion wine-taster of the world, at the age of 75 had certified 400,000 barrels of wine.

Report of the Condition of The PHOENIX BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION. Of Phoenix, Arizona, at the close of business, June 7, 1911.

Resources.	
Loans	\$219,521.12
Real estate contracts	5,148.39
Real estate owned	269.98
Furniture and fixtures	425.00
Expense items carried as assets	
Interest	51.10
Current expenses	194.24
Cash on hand	
Treasurer's balance	2,505.73
Assets not included under above heads, viz:	
Discount	120.51
Fines	42.42
Total	\$229,480.42
Liabilities.	
Capital stock, permanent	
Full paid share capital	\$75,928.62
Accumulating share capital	90,139.66
Reserve fund	1,024.68
Undivided profits:	
Divs	4,529.25
Membership fees	58.50
Special certificates of deposit	11,599.23
Liabilities not included under above heads, viz:	
Gold bonds fully paid	45,800.00
Loss and gain	42.23
Real estate funds	217.15
Total	\$229,480.42

Territory of Arizona, County of Maricopa—ss. I, V. C. Cook, secretary of the above named association, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed to and sworn before me this 10th day of June, 1911. MARGARET CARR, Notary Public. My commission expires November 2, 1912.

(Seal) Correct—Attest: F. G. MILLER, SAM N. SEIP, C. F. AINSWORTH, Directors.



Special Rates

Los Angeles
\$26.25
Santa Barbara
Long Beach
San Diego
and Return

"The Coast Flyer"

Leaves Phoenix daily at 6:00 p. m. (city time); arrives Los Angeles at 7:15 a. m. next morning. It is **ELECTRIC LIGHTED** and **FAN EQUIPPED**. **OILED ROADBED—NO DUST**. Make your reservations early. Dining cars on all trans, assuring

"MEALS AT MEAL TIME."

A. R. GATTER, Gen'l Agt.
Phoenix, Arizona.



HY PAGE, C. T. A.,
Phoenix, Arizona.

BACON SALE

Continues Monday

SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON

25c per lb. by the Piece

REUTER-ELWELL CO.

230 East Washington Street